



# JOE HARDY.

The Music of this song can be obtained :  
At the popular Music-establishment of Firth, Son & Co.,  
563 Broadway, New-york.  
And also at the no less extensive establishment of  
Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New-York.

Yes, I know that you once were my lover,  
But that sort of thing has an end ;  
Though love and its transports are over,  
You know you can still be my friend.

Don't kneel at my feet, I implore you ;  
Don't write on the drawings you bring ;  
Don't ask me to say : I adore you ;  
For, indeed, it is now no such thing.

I confess, when at Bangor we parted,  
I swore that I worshipped you then,  
That I was a maid broken-hearted,  
And you the most charming of men :

I confess, when I read your first letter,  
I blotted your name with a tear :  
I was young then.. but now I know better :  
Could I tell that I'd meet Hardy here !

Dear me ! now you fret, how you worry,  
Repeating my vows to be true..  
If I said so, I told you a story ;  
For, I love Hardy better than you.

Yes, this fond heart is another's ;  
I sigh so.. whenever he's gone ;  
I will love you, indeed, as a brother,  
But my heart is Joe Hardy's alone.

H. DE MARSAN.  
DEALER IN SONGS TOY BOOKS &c.  
No 54 CHATHAM ST. N.Y.



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